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Gathered Pearls

—FOR—

BOYS ~~AND~~ GIRLS.

Published by
G. J. WYMAN.
DAYTON, OHIO.

1883.



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The productions of Susie McNeal and Lillias Cram were written for GATHERED PEARLS.

❖ PREFACE. ❖



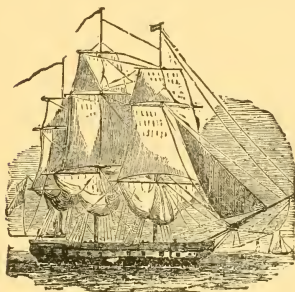
ONE year ago I undertook
To gather pearls to make a book.
The year is past, and now I find
A book just suited to my mind:
Productions old, productions new,
You will find both good and true.

Respectfully.

G. J. WYMAN.



Gathered Pearls.



The Journey of Life.

The world is an ocean deep and wide,
Our lives are the ships we sail;
Only the stoutest can stem the tide,
And weather the wintry gale.

Many start out in the morning fair,
But are soon by the tempest tossed;
For want of a hand to guide them there
Are wrecked and forever lost.

But those who take for a guide,
Jesus, the sinner's friend,
Will safely o'er the billows ride,
Till they reach their journey's end.

SUSIE McNEAL.

Shall we Count the Days of Youth as Lost?

As the summer days of youth pass by,
And our nobler thoughts shall come,
Shall we count the days of youth as lost,
And sigh for all we have left undone?

Shall we look back with vain regrets
On the written pages of our life,
And weep o'er the blots and sad mistakes
When first we entered the holy strife?

With tearful eyes and saddened heart,
Shall we our weary steps retrace,
Until cast down with fear and shame
We hide the loving Savior's face?

Shall you and I then count as lost
Those few sweet golden happy days,
When nobler thoughts within us rise,
And acknowledge God in all his ways?

Ah, no! our youth must sacred be,
For then through our sins and fears,
We grasped the loving Savior's hand,
Although blinded by our tears.

Mistakes and failures mark the way,
But we can still look back and smile;
For by his blood we were then made clean,
And he loved us all the while.

The days of youth will then seem dear,
Though we faltered by the way;
'Twas then we learned to know his voice,
And his commands sought to obey.

Though nobler thoughts may come,
And fill our hearts with pure desires,
We shall look with reverence on these days,
When first were kindled the sacred fires.

As the sweet days pass, and years roll on,
You and I may never meet again,
Until the names are read in the book of life
Of all who trusted the Lamb once slain.

I pray that we both may faithful be,
Until we meet in the city above;
When we shall see our Savior as he is,
And know the fullness of his love.

SUSIE MCNEAL.

True to God, Self, and Country.

Be true to God, your country, and yourself,
Bravely face the dangers of each day;
And seek to follow liberty and truth,
For there your Savior leads the way.

Be true to God, for you receive from him
Fresh proof each day of his pure love;
Follow his voice through the darkest day,
For it leads to bright mansions above.

Be true to your country while justice reigns,
For the voice of your God you then obey;
Defending home, liberty, and truth,
Asking first his blessing on the way.

Be true to yourself, and thus fulfill
Your part of God's great plan;
And help carry out his great design
Of a just and noble man.

SUSIE MCNEAL.

The Rum-Seller.

It was a snowy winter morning,
As I started out from home;
My wife and children at the window,
Watched me as I hastened on.

My dainty fairy, blue-eyed Belle,
Clapped her hands with fond delight,
As she watched the tiny snow-flakes
Make my coat so purely white.

And my laughing, dimpled Neddie,
From his perch on mamma's knee,
Through the naughty, saucy snow-flakes,
Threw sweet kisses out at me.

While my gentle, loving wife
Sat with fair, though thoughtful brow,
As she watched me struggling bravely
Against the wintry wind and snow.

Thus a fair and pleasant picture
Was printed on my heart that morn,
And I thought with these to love me,
Why need I fear cold or storm.

Faster, faster came the snow-flakes,
Flying in my face and eyes;
When all at once my footsteps slackened
As I heard a child's low cries.

I quickly hastened toward the sound,
Which from a sheltered doorway came,
And found a pale-faced, sobbing child—
The cold wind piercing her tender frame.

In my arms I gently raised her,
From the cold, wet step of stone;
And in kindly tones I asked her
Why she was not safe at home.

Then the little hands clasped tighter,—
Baby hands so small and frail,—
“Father sent me out for liquor,
My hands were cold; I lost the pail.

“I dare not go to him again,
For his anger will be great, I know,
And if it were not for dear mamma,
I would stay out here in the snow.

“And perhaps God’s holy angel
Would come down in all the storm,
And take me up into heaven,
Where I know ’tis always warm.

“But I know my mamma wants me,
For soon she’s going away,
To stay and watch with dear papa,
And to help him find the way.

“For she says that once my papa
Was as kind as other men;
That he loved us both as dearly,
Only rum has crazed his brain.”

Then the little head bends lower,
As the snow-flakes madly whirl,
And she whispers, oh, so gently,
“Mister, have you got a little girl?”

And I shivered as I answered,
“Yes; I have a girl and boy;”
And I contrasted this poor baby
With my children, my pride and joy.

I ran, hastening quickly onward,
For I knew the father of this little one.
God forgive me if he can:
’Twas I who sold him all his rum.

Soon I reached the attic chamber,
Where was cast their lonely lot,
And with quivering heart-strings saw
The ruin which my trade had wrought.

There the drunken father lay,
Like a beast upon the floor;
But more like one did I feel
As I stepped within that door.

As I heard that mother's prayer—
She so near an untimely grave,—
Praying for her child and husband,
And that God would mercy have

On the man who sold the rum,
That had blighted all her life;
That his companion might be spared
The shame of being a drunkard's wife.

Sad, sad indeed, is the drunkard's home,
But its sadness could not compare
With the anguish I, the rum-seller, felt
As I looked on in utter despair.

I would rather had curses on my head,
Than that dying woman's prayer;
For all I could do to make amends
Would not keep the mother there.

She was dying now with a broken heart,
Caused by that cursed rum;
And I a murderer stood condemned
For the work which I had done.

And I vowed to God in that awful home,
As I thought of my children and wife,
That I would fight rum wherever I could,
Yes, even with my life.

SUSIE McNEAL.

At Set of Sun.

If we sit down at set of sun,
And count the things that we have done.
 And counting find
One self-denying act, one word,
That eased the heart of him who heard;
 One glance, most kind,
That felt like sunshine where it went,
Then we may count the day well spent.

But if through all the livelong day
We've eased no heart by yea or nay;
 If through it all
We've done no thing that we can trace,
That brought the sunshine to a face;
 No act, most small,
That helped some soul, and nothing cost,
Then count that day as worse than lost.

—*Atlantic Journal.*

The Gambler's Wife.

Dark is the night! how dark! no light! no fire!
Cold, on the hearth the last faint sparks expire!
Shivering she watches by the cradle side,
For him who pledged her love—last year a bride!

“Hark! ’tis his footstep! no—’tis past: ’tis gone:
Tick!—tick!—How wearily the time crawls on!
Why should he leave me thus? He once was kind!
And I believed ’twould last—how mad!—how blind!

"Rest thee, my babe!—Rest on!—'Tis hunger's cry!
Sleep!—for there is no food! the fount is dry!
Famine and this wearying work have done,
My heart must break!—and thou!" The clock strikes one!

"Hark! 'tis the dice-box! Yes, he's there, he's there,
For this! for this he leaves me to despair!
Leaves love! leaves truth! his wife! his child! for what?
The wanton's smile—the villain and the sot!

"Yet I'll not curse him! no! 'tis all in vain!
'Tis long to wait, but sure he'll come again!
And I could starve and bless him, but for you,
My child!—his child!—O fiend!" The clock strikes two!

"Hark! how the sign-board creaks! The blast howls by!
Moan! moan! A dirge swells through the cloudy sky!
Ha! 'tis his knock! He comes! he comes once more!
'Tis but the lattice flaps! My hope is o'er.

"Can he desert me thus? He knows I stay
Night after night in loneliness to pray
For his return—and yet he sees no tear!
No! no! it can not be. He will be here.

"Nestle more closely, dear one, to my heart!
Thou'rt cold! thou'rt freezing! but we will not part.
Husband!—I die!—Father!—It is not he!
O God! protect my child!" The clock strikes three!

They're gone! they're gone! the glimmering spark has fled,
The wife and child are numbered with the dead!
On the cold hearth, outstretch'd in solemn rest,
The child lies frozen on its mother's breast!
The gambler came at last—but all was o'er—
Dead silence reign'd around. The clock struck four!

—Coates.

Memories.

Back through the smiling vista
Of golden years I see
Days of joy and gladness,
When my heart was light and free.

A crowd of memories haunt me,
Visions of the shadowy past;
Days of brightest sunshine—
Too bright to always last.

And then through the gloomy vista
Of later years I see
Days so dark and dreary,
They never brought light to me.

And now as the twilight deepens,
Sending its shade through my room,
Those memories are stealing o'er me
Of days of darkest gloom.

But I know when the morning brightens,
And the glorious sun I see,
A memory of the days that were earlier
Will sweetly come back to me.

LILLIAS CREAM.

What Two Little Girls can Tell About Jesus.

FIRST GIRL.

I can tell the story again and again,
Of God's great love for the children of men;
Of Christ in a lowly manger born;
Of joy to the world on that glorious morn.

SECOND GIRL.

I can tell of the suffering our Savior bore,
Of a cruel crown of thorns he wore;
How he died on the cross a death of shame,
That we might wear his glorious name.

FIRST GIRL.

I can tell of the stone that was rolled away
From the sepulcher where our Savior lay;
Of the women who came at early dawn,
And found with grief that their Lord was gone.



SECOND GIRL.

I can tell of the message, to women first given,
To tell that their crucified Savior had risen;
To tell the disciples whom they should see
To meet their dear Lord in Galilee.

FIRST GIRL.

I can tell of the ascension of Christ to heaven,
And the sweet promise to all he has given,
That Jesus has gone to prepare us a home,
For all who would gather around his throne.

BOTH TOGETHER.

Do you wonder that we tell the story,
And that in his name we glory,
When we have so much to tell
Of him who doeth all things well.

To his name be all the praise,
Who has kept us all our days,
He died for us the death of shame,
We'll spread abroad his precious name.

COMPOSED AND ARRANGED BY SUSIE McNEAL.

Sweet Angel of Peace.

Sweet angel of peace, enter I pray,
And make my heart thy home;
Drive all evil thoughts away,
And bid gentle thoughts to come.

Hadst thou been here when the tempter came,
He the battle never would have won;
But would have retreated in fear and shame
For deeds which he has done.

O sweet angel, do not leave me,
But listen to my prayer;
I will be guided ever by thee
Every way and everywhere.

Thou art a messenger from God,
To soothe the human soul that grieves;
To smoothe the path for man to tread,
And gather up life's withered leaves.

The holy comforter art thou,
By the loving Savior given;
By thy presence I know now
Something of the joys of heaven.

With thy aid the pearly gates
I see standing just ajar;
And it gives me strength to wait,
Though I see its beauty still afar.

But guided ever by thy voice
I shall learn to trust and wait;
And in darkness will rejoice
Till thou shalt lead me through the gate.

SUSIE McNEAL.



Twilight Musings.

I sat alone in my chamber,
As the twilight gathered around,
Alone with my God in the stillness,
Its beauty unmarred by a sound.

I thought of the years now past,
With joy and sorrow fraught,
And wondered what I had done,
What work for the Master wrought.

As I thought of the wasted years,
My tears I could scarcely restrain;
My heart was grieved and sad
When I thought I heard my name.

As I listened a soft, low voice
Fell pleadingly on my ear:
Look not back on wasted time,
But work through the coming year.

Sow the seed with patient hand,
Nor stop for idle dreaming,
Be content to work in harvest-time,
Though only at the gleaning.

Thou knowest well the value
Of all thy wasted years;
So waste no more repining
On fruitless prayers and tears.

'Tis the Savior talks with thee,
And bids thee sow the seed,
Knowing not where it may fall;
It may meet a brother's need.

SUSIE McNEAL.

Doubt Dispelled.

Nothing breaks the dreary silence
Of the night so dark and still,
Save the west wind sighing faintly,
And the murmuring of the rill.

And the leaves so softly falling
In their graves with scarce a sound—
Dying, dead, in all their beauty
On the hard and frozen ground.

So they're lying, all my loved ones,
In their graves so damp and chill,
And I'm left to wander lonely
In the night so calm and still.

Once to-day I almost doubted
That a God has ever been;
That this earth has had a Maker,
And that death has come through sin.

For to me he gave a burden
That I thought I could not bear,
And it seemed he would not listen
To my pleading, selfish prayer.

But to-night I can not doubt him,
As I stand here all alone,
And view that vast and shining heaven,
His everlasting star-lit throne.

As I look far, far above me,
Into infinite, awful space—
Into the glorious, star-flecked heaven,
I can see a Maker's face.

And the moonlight floods a valley,
Lying there so peaceful, calm,
And it breathes through all my spirit
Glad, sweet peace of soothing balm.

LILLIAS CRAM.

In Memory of Mrs. S. H. Moulton,

DIED FEBRUARY 15, 1881.

The long, long watch was o'er,
The weary vigil done;
The tired heart was pulseless,
And life through death was won.

We had watched in the early morning—
We had watched through the sunny noon,
When the sun was high in the heavens,
For the angel 'twas coming soon.

We had watched when the solemn twilight
Was gathering shadows deep;
We had watched when the breath of midnight
Had hushed the world to sleep.

And all through the days we had watched,
Through days of breathless pain,
Still he lingered—the dark death-angel—
And we gathered hope again.

Yet he came one morning early,
Came with his noiseless tread.
We saw his grim, dark shadow,
And we knew our mother was dead.

Kind friends came in the morning,
And spoke in whispers low;
They folded the white hands gently,
And brushed the hair from her brow.

Then we left her. Our watch was over!
No more fruitless hopes and fears,
Only a dull, hard pain at our heart-strings,
And our eyes full of unshed tears.

Then came the last sad parting,
As we stood by the casket side.
Oh, she did look so peaceful
And with that smile she died.

And for the last, last time we left her,
Left her to her peaceful rest;
And we could but think in our sorrow
That our Father knew the best.

LILLIAS CRAM.

Snow-Flakes.

Beautiful, beautiful snow-flakes!
Silently fluttering down;
With a cloak of downy softness,
Covering country and town.

From out the snow-topped houses
 The tall chimneys peep,
 As grim sentinels in the snowy whiteness,
 Their silent vigil keep.

The whole country around
 Seems by a common impulse to be stilled;
 The white-winged messengers silently working
 Till their mission is fulfilled.

Till by their patient work
 The whole country seems to be,
 In its snow-white garments,
 One vast field of purity.



All the trees and bushes
 Receive alike their share,
 Until made white and beautiful
 Are their branches brown and bare.

And they look like sprays of coral,
 Gathered from the ocean's strand;
 And I view in admiration the work
 Of a loving "Father's hand."

Swiftly and silently the snow-flakes go,
 Over valley and hill with a resistless will,
 Stopping for neither friend or foe,
 They have a mission to fulfill:
 (Which only God and the angels know.)

As the beautiful snow-flakes
From my window I see,
I thank the dear Lord
For his love toward me.

For the beautiful world
Which he has placed me in,
And pray that I may be kept
Unspotted from sin.

Beautiful snow flakes, fit emblems are they
Of Jesus, our Savior, the light and the way.
Sweet emblems they are to me
Of the Savior's love and purity.

As the beautiful snow-flakes still I see,
A sense of deep humility comes over me,
And I pray God wherever I go
The path before me be pure as the snow.

SUSIE McNEAL.

Song and Recitation.

SUNG.

Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly.

SPOKEN.

Sung by happy childish voices,
As they trip so lightly by,
Singing sweetly words and music
They little of their meaning heed,
But their words will oft supply
The comfort that some soul may need.

Father, bless the little children,
As their words so gently roll,
Teach them all to know the meaning
Of Jesus lover of my soul.



SUNG.

Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly. [*Repeat.*]

SPOKEN.

Sung with patient trust and sweetness
By one that very soon must die;
Singing softly words and music,
All their meaning could she tell,
Though so early God had called her,
She could feel that all was well.

"Jesus, help me bow," she murmured,
As she felt the waters roll.
As she died we heard her singing,
"Jesus, lover of my soul."

SUNG.

Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly. [*Repeat.*]

SPOKEN.

Thus a loving mother sings
As her darlings sleeping lie;
Singing gentle words and music,
As she watches them asleep.
And she prays that this same Jesus
Will her precious children keep.

And she prays that through life ever,
Though the waters surging roll,
They may know the only refuge,
Jesus, lover of my soul.



SUNG.

Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly. [*Repeat.*]

SPOKEN.

Thus sung an aged, happy couple,
Whose days were passing swiftly by.
Slowly singing, words and music,
Joining hearts and voices ever,
Thus they hoped to ever live,
Until they reach the shining river.

Lovingly they wait together,
 To hear the river's welcome roll,
 Ever singing as they wait,
 "Jesus, lover of my soul."

SUNG.

Jesus, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly. [*Repeat.*]

SPOKEN.

Should be the song of every one,
 'Though they should live or die;
 Sweeter will be the words and music,
 We shall love to sing them more and more,
 As we feel our feet are nearing
 Christ and the eternal shore.

Strong and happy will our voices
 O'er the many waters roll,
 And we'll enter heaven singing,
 "Jesus, lover of my soul."

SUNG.

Jesus, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly.

SUSIE MCNEAL.

Memorial.

[These lines were composed on the death of little Ellie, aged three years.]

The gate of the city opened wide,
 And our darling enter'd in;
 From the noise of the world away,
 From the sorrow and the sin.

We mourn that she has left us,
 But still our hearts rejoice
 That she is safe within the fold,
 And knows the Shepherd's voice.

As he gathers the lambs around him,
And his loving care bestows;
Oh, shall we not trust and love him?
For only Jesus knows.

Oh, yes, he knows our weakness,
And how our hearts must ache,
As we long for a touch of baby hands
Which we never more may take—

Never more may take in ours,
And kiss the dainty little palm.
Oh, surely Jesus knows it all,
And our troubled souls can calm.

As we think of darling Ellie,
We call to mind the sweet, pure face,
Stamped with innocence and beauty,
Full of childish joy and grace.

Then we thank the loving Savior
That within the city's wall
She has found a habitation,
Where no sorrows ever fall.

Our hearts should now be joyful,
As we think of Ellie's home—
The Father's house of many mansions—
Where she waits until we come.

It will only be a little while
That we shall have to wait,
When with joy we shall behold
That bright city's open gate.

And as we see our darling there
Before the Savior's throne,
We shall be glad she went before
To give us a welcome home.

SUSIE MCNEAL.

In Memoriam.

The chastening rod we feel again—
Once more the Lord hath spoken;
We weep to-day, for in our chain
Another link is broken.

But we will wipe our tears away,
And humbly bear our sorrow;
Although our friend is gone to-day,
We'll meet again to-morrow.

We'll kiss the hand that gave the blow
By which the chain was riven.
He only leaves his friends below
To join with those in heaven.

Forever free from toil and pain,
At rest beyond the river;
We will not wish him back again.
Not dead, he lives forever.

J. A. Woods.

The Rum Maniac.

“Say, doctor, may I not have rum
To quench the burning thirst within?
Here on this cursed bed I lie,
And can not get one drop of gin.
I ask not health, nor even life—
Life! what a curse it's been to me!
I'd rather sink in deepest hell
Than drink again its misery.

“But, doctor, may I not have rum?
One drop is all I crave.
Grant this small boon—I ask no more—
Then I'll defy—yes, e'en the grave.

Then without fear I'll fold my arms,
And bid the monster strike his dart,
To haste me from this world of woe,
And claim his own—this ruined heart.

“A thousand curses on his head,
Who gave me first the poison'd bowl,
Who taught me first this bane to drink—
Drink death and ruin to my soul.
My soul! a cruel, horrid thought!
Full well I know thy certain fate;
With what instinctive horror shrinks
The spirit from that awful state!

“Lost—lost—I know forever lost!
To me no ray of hope can come;
My fate is sealed; my doom is—
But give me rum; I will have rum.
But, doctor, don't you see *him* there?
In that dark corner low he sits.
See! how he sports his fiery tongue,
And at me burning brimstone spits!

“Go, chase him out. Look! here he comes,
Now on my bed he wants to stay.
He shan't be there. O God! O God!
Go way, I say! go way! go way!
Quick, chain me fast, and tie me down!
There, now,—he clasps me in his arms!
Down!—down the window!—close it tight:
Say, don't you hear my wild alarms?

“Say, don't you see this demon fierce?
Does no one hear? Will no one come?
Oh, save me! save me! I will give—
But rum! I must have, will have rum!

* * * * *

Ah! now he's gone; once more I'm free.
He—the boasting knave and liar—
He said that he would take me off
Down to—. But there! my bed's on fire!

“Fire! water! help! come, haste—I'll die!
Come, take me from this burning bed.
The smoke—I'm choking—can not cry!
There, now, it's catching at my head!
But see! again that demon's come;
Look! there he peeps through yonder crack.
Mark how his burning eyeballs flash!
How fierce he grins! What brought him back?”

“There stands his burning coach of fire!
He smiles and beckons me to come.
What are those words he's written there?
'In hell we never want for rum!'”
One loud, one piercing shriek was heard;
One yell rang out upon the air—
One sound, and one alone, came forth—
The victim's cry of wild despair.

“Why longer wait? I'm ripe for hell:
A spirit's sent to bear me down.
There in the regions of the lost
I sure will wear a fiery crown.
Damned, I know, without a hope!
(One moment more, and then I'll come!)
And there I'll quench my awful thirst
With boiling, burning, fiery rum!”

—Allison.

Hours of Dark Temptation.

In the hours of dark temptation,
Guard me safely, Savior dear;
Though I tread in dangerous places,
Wilt thou follow ever near.

Though I wander far away,
Thou wilt call me back again;
Though my steps may often falter,
Thou dost still remain the same.

Ever loving art thou, Jesus;
Thou dost pity and forgive;
Teach me to follow thy example,
And only to thy glory live.

I have sinned, O blessed Savior,
And made many a sad mistake;
I would ask thee to forgive me
Simply for thy dear name's sake.

SUSIE MCNEAL.

Light in Darkness.

My pathway seemed lonely,
No light could I see;
The hand of my Savior
Seemed taken from me.

I groped on in darkness,
Still hoping to find,
Yet doubting the promise
Which would bring peace to my mind.

The gloom gathered around me
Still closer each day,
And I plainly could see
How I was drifting away.

But Christ in his wonderful love
Again spake to my heart of sin,
Bade me again look above,
And trust all my ways to him.

He brought to my view the cross,
And showed me his feet and his hands;
And I heard his soft, sweet voice:
"If ye love me keep my commands."

"What are thy commands, my Lord?"
With trembling voice I cry.
Show me plainly in thy word,
And to keep them I will try.

"With all thy heart love thy God,"
Is the first command I give,
The second, "Thy neighbor as thy self:"
Know then that thou shalt live.

Once more my Savior walks with me;
He brightens all my way,
And teaches me content to be,
And hears me when I pray.

SUSIE MCNEAL.

In Memory of a Daughter.

We smoothed her hair with loving hands,
And our farewell kisses gave.
Then she was borne from us away,
And laid in the silent grave.

And we left her lying there.

We could not feel that God was love,
Until he sent his Comforter,
Who bade us look above.

Thus looking with the eye of faith
We saw bright and fair—
Heard the glad, sweet song of angels,
And beheld our darling there.

As we viewed the golden city,
With its widely open'd gate,
And the joys of those who enter'd,
It gave us strength to longer wait.

Then we knew 'twas not in anger
That our God this trouble sent;
But in love he asked of us
The jewel which he lent.

And we bowed in all submission
To our holy Father's will;
For we know, though he may chasten,
He will love his children still.

SUSIE MCNEAL.

Annie Laurie.

Maxwelton braes are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew,
And it's there that Annie Laurie
Gie'd me her promise true—
Gie'd me her promise true,
Which ne'er forgot will be;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doune and dee.

Her brow is like the snow-drift;
Her throat is like the swan;
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on—
That ever the sun shone on.
And dark-blue is her ee;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doune and dee.

Like dew on the gowan lying
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet;
And like the winds in summer sighing,
Her voice is low and sweet—
Her voice is low and sweet.
And she's a' the world to me;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me doune and dee.

—*Author unknown.*

Lead me all the Way.

Jesus, I would be thy child,
Wilt thou teach me how to pray?
Oh, thou sinless, undefiled,
Gently lead me all the way.

Let my mind be good and pure
Make my spirit like thine own;
Do not let wrong thoughts allure,
And lead me from my home.

SUSIE McNEAL.

Beautiful Snow.

[The author was a young lady twenty-two years old, who died in the Commercial Hospital at Cincinnati, Ohio.]

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow,
Filling the sky and the earth below;
Over the housetops, over the street,
Over the heads of the people you meet.
Dancing,
Flirting,
Skimming along,
Beautiful snow! it can do nothing wrong.
Flying to kiss a fair lady's cheek,
Clinging to lips in a frolicsome freak,
Beautiful snow, from the heaven above,
Pure as an angel, gentle as love!

Oh! the snow, the beautiful snow,
How the flakes gather and laugh as they go
Whirling about in their maddening fun;
It plays in its glee with every one.
Chasing,
Laughing,
Hurrying by,
It lights on the face, and it sparkles the eye,
And the dogs with a bark and bound
Snap at the crystals that eddy around—
The town is alive and the heart is aglow,
To welcome the coming of the beautiful snow!

How wildly the crowd goes swaying along,
Hailing each other with humor and song!
How the gay sledges like meteors flash by,
Bright for the moment, then lost to the eye.
Ringing,
Swinging,
Dancing they go,
Over the crust of the beautiful snow;



Snow so pure when it falls from the sky,
 To be trampled in mud by the crowd running by,
 To be trampled and tracked by thousands of feet,
 Till it blends with the horrible filth in the street.

Once I was pure as the snow—but I fell!
 Fell like the snow-flakes from heaven to hell;
 Fell to be trampled like snow in the street;
 Fell to be scoffed at, to be spit on and beat.

Pleading,

Cursing,

Dreading to die;

Selling my soul to whoever would buy,
 Dealing in shame for a morsel of bread,
 Hating the living and fearing the dead;
 Merciful God! have I fallen so low?
 And yet I was once like the beautiful snow!

Once I was fair as the beautiful snow,
 With an eye like its crystal, a heart like its glow;
 Flattered and sought for the charm of my face!

Father,

Mother,

Sister, all,

God and myself, I've lost by the fall.
 The veriest wretch that goes shivering by,
 Will make a wide swoop lest I wander too nigh;
 For all that is on or above me I know,
 There is nothing that's pure as the beautiful snow.

How strange it should be that the beautiful snow
 Should fall on a sinner with nowhere to go!
 How strange it should be when the night comes again,
 If the snow and the ice strike my desperate brain,

Fainting,

Freezing,

Dying alone,

Too wicked for prayer, too weak for a moan

To be heard in the streets of the crazy town,
Gone mad in the joy of the snow coming down;
To be and to die in my terrible woe,
With a bed and a shroud of the beautiful snow.



Rum Did It.

He was a drunkard's son, that beautiful boy,
With his open brow and his thoughtful face;
In his boyish heart was an honest pride,
'Twas hard to bear a father's disgrace.

They scoffed and jeered at the drunkard's boy,
In his face they flung their jest and taunt;
They laughed at his torn and ragged clothes—
They were rich men's sons, they never knew want.

He tried to bear it for his mother's sake,
Though their words stabbed like a two-edged knife;
For he thought of her trials more bitter than his,
For she was a drunkard's wife.

Yes; a drunkard's wife in the fullest sense
The words could ever convey.
She toiled day and night for her boy and the man
She had promised to obey.

Night after night she waited and watched,
With a heart full of aching pain;
Night after night she prayed to her God
To make him a man again.

For she loved him still, in spite of it all.
Although she kept by his side
For the sake of the boy she loved like her life,
For he was her pride and joy.

And every night her darling boy,
For spite of cold or rain,
Would follow his father to the tavern door,
And wait for his coming again.

There was a little corner where he used to sit,
And watch and wait for his father to come
From the dram-shop door with trembling step,
And lead him safely home.

'Twas midwinter, one bitter night,
The child had waited in vain
For his father's form at the tavern door,
For his father's voice again.

So he crept in the corner close by the wall,
And the cold and chill away seemed to creep;
A delicious warmth spread over his frame,
He soon was fast asleep.

In the early hours of the morning
The father went reeling by,
With staggering step and dizzy brain,
Close to the place where his son did lie.

Crazed by rum, bewildered with snow,
Blindly he went on his way;
Not e'en when the cold, dark river was reached
Did his staggering footsteps stay.

A splash! a scream! a cry for help!—
The hurrying tread of eager feet.
In the snow and the sleet of the dark, murky morn,
A dead man was carried through the city street.

When daylight came they found the boy
Half-buried in the cold, damp snow.
Tenderly they lifted his frail form up;
They pitied the drunkard's boy now.

They carried him home all cold and white,
And reverently laid him down.
They tried to bring warmth to his stiffened limbs,
But the boy's sweet spirit had flown.

Go with me now to that widow's home,
And ask her to tell of the dead.
She'll mournfully raise her eyes to your face,
Then sadly bow her head.

And she'll take your hand and lead you along
To the grave-yard over the way.
"There are the graves of my husband and boy;
Rum killed them both," she'll say.

And a pitiful look of utter despair
Creeps over that pale, sad face;
And a wild, crazed look comes into her eyes
As she leaves that hallowed place.

And *you men* look on in your wealth and ease,
With never a prayer nor thought
For the desolate homes, the blighted lives,
And the ruin which rum has wrought.

You never lift a hand to check this wrong
That sweeps through our sunny land;
While the monster Rum with his poisonous breath
Destroys on every hand—

Sending souls to untimely deaths,
Filling the drunkard's grave.
Reach forth your hand, indifferent man,
And seek those lost souls to save.

LILLIAS CRAM.



The Snow-Storm.

The cold winds swept the mountain height,
And pathless was the dreary wild,
As through the drifting snows of night
A mother wandered with her child;

As through the drifting snow she passed,
Her babe was sleeping on her breast.

And colder yet the winds did blow,
And darker hours of night came on,
And deeper grew the drifted snow.

Her limbs were chilled, her strength was gone,
"O God!" she cried in accents wild,
"If I must perish, save my child!"

She stripped her mantle from her breast,
And bared her bosom to the storm;
And round the child she wrapped the vest,
And smiled to think her babe was warm!
And one cold kiss, one tear she shed,
And sank upon a snowy bed.

At dawn a traveler passed by;
She lay beneath a snowy veil;
The frost of death was in her eye,
Her cheek was cold and hard and pale.
He moved the robe from off the child,
The babe looked up and sweetly smiled.

MRS. SEBA SMITH.



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